Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Bulletin, No. 270. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 5, 1833. Vol. XIII.—Whole No. 597.

United States Naval Asylum, near Philadelphia.

DESCRIPTION.

This building is beautifully situated on the river Schuylkill, a short distance below the junction of that stream with the river Delaware, and Gray's ferry.

It is on the highest point of land from the mouth of the river to Fairmount. The ground on which the edifice is located is fully feet above high water mark.

The front of the Asylum is 300 feet, including a centre building of 142 feet by 150 feet in depth. The centre is embellished with a marble portico of eight Ionic columns. The proportions and details of the whole center are taken from the Temple on the Ilissus near Athens.

The wings consist of a grand basement supporting marble superstructure, three stories in height, and contain piazzas or verandahs in each story of the front and rear, and are supported by eight cast iron columns resting upon granite piers.

The roof of the centre building is covered with copper, and that of the wings with slate. The whole of the interior is vaulted throughout, and is in every respect completely fire-proof. The corridors on the flanks of the centre building amount to 160 rooms, each of which is well lighted and ventilated, being calculated for the reception and accommodation of about four hundred men.

The extremities of the wings contain a hall—worship—gaming room, and offices, all of which communicate with the piazza and passages in the centre and outside of the building.

At the extreme ends of each piazza are ranges of water closets for the convenience of the inmates.

The basement story of the centre building contains a dining room, one hundred and thirteen feet in length, supplied with a kitchen, washhouse, laundry, pantries, store-rooms, and a fireplace for conveying heated air throughout the house. The steam apparatus communicates with the principal and third stories by means of a double flight of stairs.

The principal story of the centre building contains in front eight parlors, intended for officers' quarters, and in the rear eight rooms of the same size, which receives its light from a lantern in the dome. A direct communication with the piazza in the centre and with the parlors in front. The surgeon's apartments, infirmaries, apothecary room, dispensary, and dissecting room, open to the chapel and main interior passage.

The third story of the centre building includes chambers for officer's apartments, for the inmates' dining hall, reading room, and closets.

The whole of the inside work of the building and portico is completed, with the exception of a small part of the cornice, and the entire exterior of the pediment, and of the flight of steps in front, which will be finished when the granite is now ordered under the piazzas. The iron railings between the iron columns in front of the verandahs have not been ordered for want of room.

The interior of the building is still more rearranged, and the whole of the plastering and finishings for some of the interior doors, with a few coats of paint.

The building when finished will cost about $200,000; a less sum than is required to build and fit out a ship of the line, and considering the solidity, the substantial character of the materials and workmanship which enter into its composition, are duly considered, it is, in the estimation of persons competent to form a correct judgment, a matter of economy, that the assets have been accomplished by means apparently so inadequate. This cannot be charged to adduce a single instance, in which the same quantity of labor and materials have been procured, either for the government or for individuals, by the expenditure of so small an amount of money.

After the examinations of Naval Hospitals had determined to build an Asylum, several distinguished architects were invited to furnish plans. Seven were received from Philadelphia, and three from Philadelphia. These were submitted to a board consisting of the surgeons of the three Naval Commissioners and one of the senior surgeons of the Navy. They selected the good features of each, and requested Mr. William Strickland, the distinguished architect of Philadelphia, to combine them. He was afterwards appointed the superintending architect, a duty which he has performed with a skill and faithfulness which will do him lasting honor.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the location of this building is in almost every respect judicious. The bills of mortality will show that Philadelphia is one of the healthiest cities in the United States. Invalids who are sent from different parts of the country to this naval establishment, will be alike exempted from the diseases which prevail in the northern cities during the winter, as well as the autumnal fevers which prevail during the summer and autumn in the south.

These considerations, added to the central position of Philadelphia—the readiness with which it may be approached from other sea-ports, and the line of canals and railroads—and the cheapness of living in this city, are circumstances which the government no doubt, to select the position.

The question has been asked, if the site on the Schuylkill the best that could be selected in the neighborhood of Philadelphia? I am sure, judicious observers will say, that no better location could not have been chosen within ten miles of that metropolis. The high, airy and eight cast iron columns resting upon granite piers.

The roof of the centre building is covered with copper, and that of the wings with slate. The whole of the interior is vaulted throughout, and is in every respect completely fire-proof. The corridors on the flanks of the centre building amount to 160 rooms, each of which is well lighted and ventilated, being calculated for the reception and accommodation of about four hundred men.

The extremities of the wings contain a hall—worship—gaming room, and offices, all of which communicate with the piazza and passages in the centre and outside of the building.

At the extreme ends of each piazza are ranges of water closets for the convenience of the inmates.

The basement story of the centre building contains a dining room, one hundred and thirteen feet in length, supplied with a kitchen, washhouse, laundry, pantries, store-rooms, and a fireplace for conveying heated air throughout the house. The steam apparatus communicates with the principal and third stories by means of a double flight of stairs.

The principal story of the centre building contains in front eight parlors, intended for officers' quarters, and in the rear eight rooms of the same size, which receives its light from a lantern in the dome. A direct communication with the piazza in the centre and with the parlors in front. The surgeon's apartments, infirmaries, apothecary room, dispensary, and dissecting room, open to the chapel and main interior passage.

The third story of the centre building includes chambers for officer's apartments, for the inmates' dining hall, reading room, and closets.

The whole of the inside work of the building and portico is completed, with the exception of a small part of the cornice, and the entire exterior of the pediment, and of the flight of steps in front, which will be finished when the granite is now ordered under the piazzas. The iron railings between the iron columns in front of the verandahs have not been ordered for want of room.

The interior of the building is still more rearranged, and the whole of the plastering and finishings for some of the interior doors, with a few coats of paint.

The building when finished will cost about $200,000; a less sum than is required to build and fit out a ship of the line, and considering the solidity, the substantial character of the materials and workmanship which enter into its composition, are duly considered, it is, in the estimation of persons competent to form a correct judgment, a matter of economy, that the assets have been accomplished by means apparently so inadequate. This cannot be charged to adduce a single instance, in which the same quantity of labor and materials have been procured, either for the government or for individuals, by the expenditure of so small an amount of money.

After the examinations of Naval Hospitals had determined to build an Asylum, several distinguished architects were invited to furnish plans. Seven were received from Philadelphia, and three from Philadelphia. These were submitted to a board consisting of the surgeons of the three Naval Commissioners and one of the senior surgeons of the Navy. They selected the good features of each, and requested Mr. William Strickland, the distinguished architect of Philadelphia, to combine them. He was afterwards appointed the superintending architect, a duty which he has performed with a skill and faithfulness which will do him lasting honor.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the location of this building is in almost every respect judicious. The bills of mortality will show that Philadelphia is one of the healthiest cities in the

---

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN S. NETHERLAND,
Dear friend, who my mind gave,
With tearful eyes I dwell.
The blessings of departed saints,
My doubting heart.

Now memory leaves the city dust,
Life down and sinking down,
And pours the change from busy life,
Down to the tomb.

Death's fatal shroud, the winding sheet,
A peaceful closing scene:
The soul has left the world sound.
The soul's deserted green.

The silence that pervades the spot,
Is the eternal rest,
The naked breathe, but nevers
The dead arise.

Thus, in quick succession then
Across my mental view,
And draw, like a sad contrast
With life's enlivening scene.

Then fondly I recall to friendship's glow,
I turn to scenes more gay,
When young we passed the merry dance,
Or sported on the green.

Or thoughtfully in school we read
Lessons taught with care,
Or learned mathematic's art,
Intricate and rare.

The merry glee and sportive mirth,
When youth's hearts were joyed,
Seems now to cheer the sinking crowd,
And speak of days of old.

Alas, reality! how sad the life,
When void the laughing eye
That all else's dear or polished, must
With death decay.

The just pronoun to future fame,
Dear J. full Death has fired,
And o'ergot thy genius spirit low
In its cold clasp.

No, not in shade—blasphemous thought—
Beyond distance and care,
We know, to be more climes than this,
The death's wreath shall wear.

Now, rest in peace, thy slumbering dust,
Thy mine I'll ne'er revive,
And when our day grave To drop
The tributes of a tear.

Wilmington, Sept. 10, 1832. IRIS.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MISS M. L. LEWIS,

Oh! say can that thou ever see her,
All! thou'rt a friend to me,
And I'll be faithful to the day
Forever, can be.

Oh, the first day time will be near,
In sickness and in health,
And I will ever more be found,
To comfort thee.

Enough! Enough! "I will" has said
"Thereby we find such a thrill,
Like when the tremulous thirsty, spout,
Leaves the gushing rill.

C. F. D.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MARIA MACKPEACE,
OR THE SACRIFICE.

Various were the feelings that agitated the breast of Maria Mackpeace, as she beheld the bright sunbeams on the water, from Fairmount. They told her that another day had dawned, bringing pleasure to many, but misery to her cheerless dwelling. She was aroused from her gloomy chambers, by the quite footsteps of her young cousin, as she opened the door of the solitary apartment, and quickly made her appearance at the breakfast table. The family was seated around a full blown rose, which she had plucked with all the morning dew upon it, and which had not been displaced; and now appeared in her bosom presented it to her cousin, still sparkling with the diamond's bathing, and looking as bright and faithful perfume. The bright laughing eyes of Ellen glowed with unusual brilliancy, as they rested on the lovely blossom, being the first season of the season, of her own favorite rose tree. Each returned a cheerful greeting, and the breakfast table had marked its gradual progress towards perfection. But she might remark, that something lacking if for cousin Maria, who loved genius dearly, and would less than she loved Ellen—the flower of youthful beauty—the light of life's affection recalled similar favors received the past year, from the same source, and her heart was full, thought but happiness; and vainly did she strive to restrain a gush of tears, which were quickly brushed away by the fingers of her cousin Ellen, as she imprinted a kiss upon her pale cheek, as she kissed the tear of sympathy from you, my love, and any no sorrow ever invade thy heart, or subdue thy bright spirit of joyous form. As she uttered these words in slow and mournful accents, the gentle child darted from her embrace, and with a smile of encouragement Maria in solitude, to indulge that grief which was too powerful for her youthful heart.

The sound of the morning bell admonished her to repair to her breakfast, and hastily arranging a plain white dress, she descended to the cheerfulness of her fair neck, over which her raven locks fell in rich luxuriance, and mingled in ringlets with the deep fragrance of a beautiful bride, that entered around the lattice, wafted to Maria the sweet odor, and bowed her to the open window.

As she smiled, and seemed to invite every beholder to participate in its joy. Never was a summer morning more delightful than this, and never did the bright orb of day arise upon a more delightful prospect.

The city, situated on one side the landscape, whose summit was crowned with every variety of rural scenery, while the Delaware was seen flowing majestically on the other, and was lost in the waters of the Atlantic. A profusion of wild flowers variegated the deep green of the grass, which afforded pleasant sites for the neat cottages of the more lowly scattered in the distance, half concealed by the thick foliage of the surrounding fruit trees, deeply blushing with countless buds, and promising an abundant harvest. Below the house was a delightful grove, the favorite resort of every inhabitant, and contained the mingled sports of their sons of pleasure, and entered into every enjoyment, with melody surpassing the sweetest of the feathered songsters. Such was the scene that suited with a cloud, and all the myriads of stars appeared to rise more vividly and brilliant, as they dispersed in lavish profusion on ocean of heaven. The day was now wending apace, seeming to invigorate all nature with a fresh and lively spirit.

I would still linger here, for half the beauties of this landscape remain unsaid; but the patient my readers are hastily inquiring the cause of Maria's sadness. I leave them to compose her feelings by contemplating nature's loveliness and by adoring Him—

"Whose wisdom and goodness, who, ordered
Behind his own creatures, works unseen."

Our heroine was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant of the city of Boston, who though comparatively penniless, had by his well exertions risen to affluence, and by his untiring perseverance and industry, had raised his former his name high among the names of the great and the liberal, he was blessed with every comfort which could purchase, and possessed almost the solitary of the most amiable and accomplished of society, he united himself to a beautiful young lady of fine family. A native of Ireland, who had been educated in the higher walks of life, and who by her amiable disposition and her unbounded and accomplished niece, should be loved by every one who knew her, and by none more than her husband, who idolized her. Their family consisted but of two children, Maria and Frederick Ashton, which passed early in the morning of their days, for were the thoughts she devoted to aught save her own pleasure, and smiled to one equally gay, and fond of what is usually termed a light life. She experienced for time, which should have been appropriated, or just at least, to her maternal duties, to all the amusements of a dissipated city.

Although she had drunk deep of bitter waters, in the gathering of so tender a tie as that with which nestled her to an affectionate husband; still, she did not profit by the lesson which fell on the gay ball-room and fashionable circle at cards. With such a companion, it cannot be imagined that Maria could be very happy, taking a view the manner in which she had been educated, and so very different from the path in which she sought enjoyment. Observing that the mother's example wholly neglected her little girl, by placing implicit confidence in her female servant, who was in many respects unworthy the "sacred trust," the tender feelings of her heart were aroused for the weal of her young charge; and she determined to take upon herself the paternal admonitions of Ellen, in which she felt an interest. A plan for more desirable change could not have been effected, for all the misgivings of a mother could in the mind, but in the person of the child, who could contain Maria with all the potency of youthful love. Frequently did Mrs. Ashton deplore her incapacity to accompany her to some of her many evening parties, and vainly did she implore the child to remain with her; as they resided on the lovely blossom, being the earliest flower

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, Jan. 5.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE MAYOR.

City Solicitor—Edward Olmsted.

City Commissioners—William Faries, Thomas Estlack, John White.

City Clerk—Robert H. Smith.

Collectors of Water Rents—Armon Davis, James Hickey.

Clerks of High street Market—Peter Conrad, James Spicer.

Clerk of New Market—John Lond.

Captain of the City Watch—William C. Doores.

Lieutenant of City Watch—David Thomas.

Warder at the Drawbridge—Jacob Lawrence.

Deputy ditto—Samuel Castner.

Superintendants—Robert Patton, Samuel Carris.

Vaccine Physicians—Dr. James M'Clintock, North Eastern District—Dr. Geo. Spackman, North Western District—Dr. James Dunoz, South Eastern District.—Dr. Jerh. M'Crady, South Western District.

Collectors of Vaccine Cases—John M. Fennick, North Western District—James Kerr, South Western District.—Thomas Porter, North Eastern District.—Francis M'Cormick, South Eastern District.

High Constables—John M'Lean, Samuel P. Garrigues, Willis H. Blaney, William Mandry.

City Police—John L. Logue, John Manderfield, John Wile, Abraham Yates, Samuel Barry, Edward L. Nicols, James Griffith, William Lockety, Philip Mingle, Robert Miles, George Young, James Ireland.

EULOGY ON CARROLL.

On Monday, the City Councils met by adjournment at the City Hall, and proceeded thence to the Hall of the Musical Fund Society, with a large number of the citizens, including the city and county officers, judges of the state and county courts, members of congress, the clergy, officers and trustees of the university and Jefferson college, medical students, and other citizens.

The Hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. On the stage was the Right Rev. Bishop White, Hon. Henry Clay, and Hon. Josiah S. Johnston, of the U. S. Senate, the Hon. Horace Binney, and Chief Justice Gibson.

The venerable Bishop White, chaplain of the revolutionary congress, opened the meeting with a prayer. Mr. Sergeant followed with a eulogy on Charles Carroll, which held his audience in the most undivided attention for nearly an hour and a half, during which reference was made to the services of the signers, and especially to those of Carroll—but the opportunity was improved to show the nature of the instrument to which he and they placed their names—that it was union as well as independence which was declared, and moreover that without the former the latter could not be. We will not anticipate the rich treat that awaits our readers, in the publication of this most orthodox exposition of political doctrines—this plea for union. We are sure that every citizen will respond to the sentiments of the distinguished orator, and say, such are, and of right ought to be, the doctrines of all statesmen.

As we expected, the most perfect order was observed in the building throughout the exercises. Such an assembly, at such a time, and in such admirable order, is most creditable to the character of our city. [U. S. Gazette.

A young lady of respectability, residing in Race street, above Eighth, being obliged to leave home on Saturday evening last, on an errand in Fourth street, with no other protection than that offered by a favorite house dog, of the largest size, that ran frolicking at a short distance from her, while passing Franklin Square was met by a strange young fellow, who insultingly addressed her, and (not knowing there was another puppy so near at hand) proceeded to put his arm around her neck, and kiss her. The faithful animal, seeing his young mistress so rudely assailed, leapt from the gutter upon the back of the fellow and fastened upon his coat! When the lady had succeeded in suppressing her laughter at the poor fellow's astonishment and ludicrous appearance, from his earnest supplication, she called her guard to her, and the chap took to his heels, with the loss of one skirt!—Chron.

COMMUNICATED.

A Singular Circumstance.—A merchant of Herring Bay, put on board a vessel a lot of empty barrels, to be carried to Baltimore; an unlucky flaw near Magothy, came near to capsizing her; among the losses sustained, was one barrel; on the Captain's return he stated the above, and after showing a receipt for one less than sent, and protesting the weather, he returned to his house, situated on the Chesapeake Bay, and on the fourth morning after the circumstance he found on his premises the identical barrel, a distance of forty miles from the place where it was lost.

[illegible]

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Counterfeiting.—On Monday, a respectably dressed and rather elderly man, was brought before the Mayor, charged on oath of a Mr. Doherty with passing a counterfeit five dollar note of the Schuylkill Bank of this city, knowing it to be spurious. Mr. Doherty stated, that on Saturday night last the prisoner came into his store, near the Schuylkill, and requested change for the note, which Mr. D. expressed his willingness to give, but first desired the note might be sent out to a friend of his to examine, as he doubted its genuineness. In reply, the prisoner protested it was as good as the silver itself, and called on heaven to witness that it was as good a note as ever came out of the bank, he having got it there himself. The messenger returned with answer that it was forged, whereupon prisoner was taken into custody. A clerk from the Schuylkill Bank attended, and testified to the note in question being a counterfeit. The prisoner was held to bail in $500 to answer the charge, and promptly answered in the affirmative to an inquiry as to whether he could procure bail in that sum. Several mitigating circumstances came out in course of the examination. The prisoner had formerly been a highly respectable member of the Ohio Legislature, and had now accidentally fallen in company of one or two desperate sharpers, while on a Christmas frolic, who, it is supposed, robbed him of his money, replacing it with bad notes. His appearance was respectable, and his demeanor while under examination exceedingly proper; it is, for various reasons, deemed unnecessary to publish his name.

Family Troubles.—A whole household of uptowners, flanked by one Mr. O'Brien, the sole cause of all the trouble, came up to bear testimony against the said disturber, for breaking the peace of the premises on Saturday night, a proceeding which also came very near breaking some of their heads at the same time. A doleful yarn of complaints was spun to his Honor's eyebrows by a tidy little widow, Mrs. Riley, who stated in substance that O'Brien professed to rent the house, but made very small profession of paying for it, inasmuch that she, his under tenant, though residing over head, was ever and anon importuned to pay his rent as well as her own. This part of the matter, bad as it was, might have been put up with, had the prisoner behaved with decency in other respects; but on Christmas day he indulged "rather too freely," and the confession came from him reluctantly as blood would come from a turnip.

Mayor. What do you call "rather too freely?"

Prisoner. Well, a good deal more [illegible]

Mayor. Indeed, how much is your [illegible] tion?

Prisoner. Can't remember trifles; [illegible] took only a pint of whiskey, and there [illegible] ter handy, so it went down raw.

Raw as it was, a roasting time [illegible] quence. The prisoner became frantic [illegible] it infused into him, and commenced [illegible] paign of abuse on all his tenants, [illegible] threatening to turn out the aforesaid [illegible] the same too that helped him to [illegible] otherwise greatly scandalised the [illegible] hood, though by some good luck he [illegible] his hands off of all, incurring no [illegible] than a fine. It was a prevailing [illegible] reporters at the office, that Mr. O'B[illegible] looked ninety per cent. better had he [illegible]

A Cut-Purse.—A fellow calling [illegible] alias John Myers, was taken on Sa[illegible] of cutting out a gentleman's pocket-[illegible] light, in one of our most public auc[illegible] a sale. The rascal was taken on the [illegible] committed for trial at the present Mayor's Court. The pocket-book he was laying siege to [illegible] contain more than a five dollar bill.

Horrible Outrage.—Our streets were a few days ago made the scene of an outrage of almost unparalleled boldness and depravity. A respectable widow lady started from her home about 5 o'clock, with two young daughters, for the steamboat wharf. On her way she was met [illegible] Third street, by a citizen of Penn [illegible] Michael Medinger, who under the [illegible] drunkenness or brutal passion, threw [illegible] violence upon the ground. The [illegible] tinguished their lamps, and left the [illegible] streets were accordingly deserted [illegible] ing an excellent opportunity for an [illegible] The lady's shrieks brought no one [illegible] but after a violent struggle she succeeded [illegible] ing herself, and fled, with her children [illegible] tion of the wharf. The ruffian—[illegible]

[illegible]

THEATRICAL.

With the exception of Robert's benefit, at Chesnut street, on Wednesday, the attractions at both theatres have been but meagre. Mr. R. had a tremendous house, and kept it of course in a roar nearly all the evening.

At Arch street, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings a new [illegible] melo drama, written in this city, was produced. It proved a miserable attempt to burlesque the manners and language of the followers of "William Penn," which was the title of the piece. Mr. Wemyss, in the character of Penn, did the best in his power to support the dignified propriety of his prototype, as he always does every part he undertakes; but we must condemn in unqualified terms, the miserable buffoonery that characterised the performances of friend Hickory and friend Timothy, as they termed one another; verily they murdered the language and names of Friends most lamentably. Who ever heard or saw Friends using the phrases "sir, thou, you, and Mr.," in the same breath! and mounting cocked hats, regimentals and drums, and dancing jigs, and uttering lewd phrases in straight coats. The author and the performers exhibited throughout the piece an equal ignorance and want of observation in the parts. The object of theatrical exhibitions is to "hold the mirror up to nature"—in this instance the mirror was reversed.

A card in to-day's paper announces a benefit to which we bespeak a favorable hearing. The gentleman who made two very successful appearances as Rolla and Pierre takes his benefit, with Miss Crampton, on Wednesday next, when he will personate William Tell, in which character he affords himself ample opportunity of exhibiting his enthusiasm and ardor, as well as for a display of his bold and commanding figure, to which recent hard study have added much. In elocution, in gesture, &c., we vouch for a manifest improvement. He has not trusted to a single *bow* on the occasion. We are promised a splendid personation of the interesting boy Albert, by Miss Crampton, a western star of uncommon merit, who is gaining rapidly in the esteem of the public. Master Allen, too, the student of Paganini, from whom he has acquired [illegible]

[illegible]

CONGRESS.—Friday, December 28.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Extracts from the Report of the Committee of Ways and Means in reference to the new *Tariff Bill*.

The examination of the general accounts of the receipts and expenditures of the United States for the last six years presents the following results: The aggregate expenditure for the last six years ending with the 31st of December, 1832, (including the estimated expenditure of the present month,) amounts to 162,400,000 dollars.

During the same period that expenditure has been supplied by an aggregate amount of revenue from various sources, but chiefly from the customs, of 157,000,000 in addition to an unexpended balance in the Treasury at the commencement of that term, of 6,358,686 dollars, about one-sixth of which consisting of the paper of broken banks, and similar funds, has remained unavailable to the Treasury.

Deducting from these receipts and expenditures the amount received and paid out on account of claims of our citizens against foreign Governments, of which the Treasury was merely the channel of receipt and payment, there will result an annual average of twenty-six millions of dollars of annual income, and an annual average expenditure absorbing this amount together with the balance in the Treasury at the end of 1826, amounting to nearly twenty-seven millions of dollars a year.

During the same period 60,171,000 dollars of public debt was paid off, leaving an average annual amount of expenditure for all other purposes, of something less than thirteen millions five hundred thousand dollars.

These amounts are stated in round numbers, as they are sufficiently accurate for all the purposes of this report, and present the views of the Committee unembarrassed with minute detail, in a more perspicuous manner.

In the gross sum upon which this average annual expenditure is calculated were included the payments for the settlement of the claims of Massachusetts, Virginia, and South Carolina, the large expenditure consequent on the emigration of the Indian Tribes, and the extinguishment of Indian titles, all made during the last three years. Making allowance for these extraordinary expenses, the income necessary for the ordinary operation of Government, providing liberally for an efficient civil, military, and naval service, need not amount to more than thirteen millions of dollars annually, including the Pension system of former years. This calculation, deduced by the Committee from the Treasurer's accounts from 1827 to 1832 inclusive, corresponds in its result very nearly with one furnished by the Treasury Department, founded on somewhat different data, by which the average expenditure of six years, from 1826 to 1831 inclusive, for [illegible]

[illegible]

GOVERNOR HAYNE'S PROCLAMATION.

Seven or eight columns of the Washington papers are occupied with the counter proclamation of Governor Hayne. It is a wordy document, of which the following extracts will afford a sufficient idea. According to its spirit, South Carolina is already an independent power.

"I, Robert Y. Hayne, Governor of South Carolina, in obedience to the resolution of the Legislature of S. Carolina, do hereby issue this my Proclamation, solemnly warning the good people of this state against the dangerous and pernicious doctrines promulgated in the said proclamation of the President, as calculated to mislead their judgments as to the true character of the Government under which they live, and the paramount obligation which they owe to the state, and manifestly intended to seduce them from their allegiance, and by drawing them to the support of the violent and unlawful measures contemplated by the President, to involve them in the guilt of *rebellion*. I would earnestly admonish them to beware of the specious but false doctrine by which it is now attempted to be shown that the several states have not retained their entire sovereignty. * * * *

"South Carolina holds the principles now promulgated by the President, (as they must always be held by all who claim to be supporters of the states,) 'as contradicted by the letter of the constitution—unauthorised by its spirit—inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded—destructive of all the objects for which it was framed,'—utterly incompatible with the existence of the State—and absolutely fatal to the rights and liberties of the people. * * *

"South Carolina claims that, by the Declaration of Independence, she became, and has ever since continued, a free, sovereign, and independent state.

"That as a sovereign state, she has the *inherent* power to do all those acts which, by the law of nations, any Prince or Potentate may of right do. That like all independent states, she neither has, nor ought she to suffer any other restraint upon her sovereign will and pleasure, than those high moral obligations under which all princes and states are bound before God and man, to perform their solemn pledges. The inevitable conclusion from what has been said, therefore, is, that in all cases of compact between independent sovereigns, where, from the very nature of things, there can be no common judge or umpire, each sovereign has a right 'to judge as well of infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress,' so in the present controversy between South Carolina and the Federal Government, it belongs solely to her, by her delegates in solemn Convention assembled, to decide whether the Federal compact be violated, and what remedy the state ought to pursue. South Carolina, therefore, can[illegible]

[illegible]

THE TARIFF.

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the packet ship Hudson, at New York, London dates to the 15th of November, and the Mary Jane, Paris papers of the same date; and Bordeaux, of the 17th, are received. The intelligence they bring is important. The French army has crossed the borders, and its entrance into Belgium is thus announced:—

Paris, Nov. 15.—The Moniteur contains the following:—Conformably to the convention concluded on the 22d October last, between France and England, the army of the North, under the orders of Marshal Gerard, has passed the frontier this day, the 15th Nov. directing its march on the Citadel of Antwerp, to ensure the delivery of it, to H. M. the King of the Belgians.

The 15th was the day fixed by the Convention between England and France, which is thus far strictly executed. The small divisions of the English and French fleet sailed for the coast of Holland, on the 10th and 11th November. The two Admirals, with the greater part of the squadron, remained at Deal.

It appears that some uncertainty prevails in France in regard to the part which Prussia will act. It appears certain that the latter power has collected an army on the Rhine and Belgian frontier. By some it is supposed she will take possession of Venloo, which has been allotted by the Conference to Holland, and is now in possession of the Belgians. By others, more important views are attributed to Prussia. A Paris paper of the 15th contains the following:

"A person of respectability, who left the head quarters of the French army on Friday evening, and who had an opportunity of frequently conversing with Marshal Gerard, relating to us that the commander of the French army spoke openly of the probability of a conflict with Prussia, in consequence of the entrance of his army into Belgium. It appears that the Marshal has instructions with a view to an engagement with the Prussians, and that a plan of campaign has been laid down in case of their interference."

We need not point out to our readers the highly important consequences which would inevitably result from the intervention of Prussia in favor of Holland.

The Belgian Legislative Chambers commenced their session on the 14th November. King Leopold's Speech announces, that the fleets of France and England will fetter the commerce of Holland, and if these means are not sufficient, in two days a French army will advance without troubling the peace of Europe, to prove that the guarantees given are not vain words; and adds:—

"We are on the eve of great events, gentlemen.—The evacuation of our territory will contribute to confirm public confidence. But you will recollect with pain that Belgium alone, has not been adopted by Europe [illegible]

[illegible]

A Club of Odd Fellows.—[illegible] there existed in Prussia a club of suicides, every member of which had taken an oath to destroy himself within a given period. Twelve persons have been mad enough to join this most singular association, which, though the statutes enjoin them to endeavor to make proselytes to supply the place of those who took themselves into another world, has become extinct; the last member, faithful to his oath, having blown out his brains.

Of all the persons who played in the School for Scandal in 1777, the only one now alive, Mrs. John Kemble, then Miss Hopkins.

The Duchess of Berri appears to have been betrayed by a man, not more than thirty years old—in whom she had placed perfect confidence. By Frenchmen of all parties, he is spoken of as another *Iscariot*; and honest men, in all countries, would rejoice to hear that he had gone away and hanged himself. The price of his treachery was about $50,000.

It seems from our police report that a girl, named *Pearl*, was brought before a magistrate by an officer, named *Garnet*. This is very much upon the principle of "diamond cut diamond."

Swift, says a London paper, approved of duelling, because it was the choice of bullies, sharpers, and rakes, by which society was saved the expense of disposing of them.

Wild Ducks.—Mr. Cartwright, a celebrated English ornithologist, who lived long in a desolate region, computed the rate at which certain wild ducks flew, to be not less than ninety miles per hour. Spallanzani found, by actual experiment, that a swallow flew from Bologna, to Modena, a distance of twenty miles, in the almost inconceivable time of two minutes; the going at the rate of twelve hundred miles per hour.

Jet.—A bituminous substance, which Magellan supposes to be similar to amber, differing only in its color, which is black. Great quantities of it have been dug up in the Pyrenees; and it is also found in parts of Portugal, Spain, Italy, Germany, Prussia, Sweden, and Ireland. It bears a good polish and is made into trinkets. It is also reduced into powder, formed into a varnish, and when mixed with lime, it is an extremely durable cement.

According to accounts from Madrid, the Spanish Government has received despatches from the army of observation on the frontiers of Portugal, announcing that the whole army declared itself in favour of the young Queen, immediately upon hearing of the act of amnesty.

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl from from wagons, [illegible]

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

[illegible]

NOTICE.

☞The terms of this paper from and after the first of January, 1833, will be as follows:—

One year's subscription, paid in advance,	$2,00
One year's do. if paid during the year,	$2,50
One year's do. if not paid during the year,	$3,00
Six months' subscription, in advance,	$1,25

☞No new subscription, except it be forwarded by a responsible agent, will be taken, unless payment for one year be forwarded in advance.

☞These terms, in all cases, will be rigidly insisted upon.

☞Notes of small denomination, on solvent banks, will be received in payment for subscriptions at par value.

☞All letters must be post paid; none other will be taken from the post office.

*** Agents are particularly requested to use renewed exertions for collecting the arrearages due from subscribers to the Post, Casket and Journal of Health, in their respective neighborhoods. In all cases a strict compliance with the terms of those publications should be insisted upon. The aggregate amount due is large, and the continued and increasing expenses of our office, require punctuality on the part of our patrons. Agents who have five or more dollars in hand, will please make early remittances.

*** Correspondents when they wish their papers changed to new post offices, must inform us where their papers are now received, as well as the offices to which they wish them sent in future. Where this information is omitted, we have frequently much trouble in finding the name on our books. Upon notification of removals, or of papers having miscarried, the postage should always be paid.

*** The subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, Casket, and Journal of Health, at Cincinnati, O., will please call on Mr. E. P. Langdon, and pay their subscriptions. Subscribers in the vicinity of other agents will also oblige the publisher by adopting the measure.

*** Gentlemen who act as agents for this paper, especially such as do store business, are respectfully informed that we have on hand, at this office, a number of popular works, copies of which it might be to their interest to procure, on sale. Among other things of the kind we have handsomely bound volumes of the Casket, for three or four back years; three volumes of the Journal of Health; Catechism of American Law, a highly valuable work; the Kaleidoscope, with numerous engravings, suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents; Testaments, Interest Tables, Medical Flora of the United States, Engravings, Wood-cuts, &c., orders for any of which will receive prompt attention. A liberal discount will be made from the retail price, to those who order a quantity.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, January 5, 1833.

In presenting our enlarged sheet to our subscribers to-day, it may be proper to say a few words respecting the course we design to pursue.

In the first place, the Saturday Evening Post and Bulletin is a newspaper, in the fullest sense of that term, being in fact an abstract and journal of all events of any importance which occur in every part of the world. Great exertions have always been made to condense the whole of the intelligence contained in all other papers, in such a manner as while it did not detract from its interest, still left room for so great a variety as to form a history of the times in which we live. *Those exertions will now be redoubled*, and the greatest care will be employed to admit into our columns authentic information only, both in politics and literature. As our space is ample, and with attentive correspondents both at Washington and Harrisburg, and with the aid of all the good newspapers of the Union, as well as many foreign, to extract from, we can safely promise the politician and the lover of news a weekly repast of no common kind.

But it is not as a vehicle of *news only*, that we hope to render ourselves acceptable. The constant improvements in the arts, in manufactures, in agriculture, and the thousand variety of incidents which are constantly occurring, we shall endeavor to transfer to our ample columns. Our first page shall continue to convey that pleasing literary intelligence which has heretofore marked the character of the Post and the Bulletin while separately conducted. It will continue the vehicle of the best specimens of periodical literature to be found in the European magazines; at the same time American authors, whose productions are calculated to please or instruct, shall always find our columns open.

New efforts will be employed in the literary department, which will insure an early and impartial critique on the publications of the American press, to which end the services of a gentleman have been engaged whose time and talents will be devoted almost exclusively to that department. Distant subscribers will thus have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with what is passing in the literary world, and although removed *from* our great publishing marts, may become acquainted with the characters of books as they successively appear.

It is always the safest course to make as few promises as possible, and after having said thus much, we must solicit our friends to take our former unremitted efforts to give satisfaction, as our guarantee for our future course, with the assurance, on our part, that while we promise them to remain at our *Post*, we shall also take care that they have their *Bulletin of News*.

Some unknown *friend* has sent us a long newspaper handbill, issued by James B. Gardiner, in which the name of the publisher of this paper is introduced in common with those of many other gentlemen who had expressed an opinion on the appointment of that noted *blackguard*.

James B. Gardiner published a paper in Xenia, Ohio, notorious for falsehood and vileness, about the time of the first election of Gen. Jackson. The paper died in consequence of the disgust of its patrons, and President Jackson nominated him to an office, but the Senate unanimously rejected him, on account of his infamous character. Gen. Jackson afterwards appointed him to some office connected with the Indian affairs, we believe, over which the Senate had no control. At that time the papers teemed with notices of the conduct of this wretch, fed from the public purse. The Saturday Evening Post added its mite, with an account of his obtaining by solicitation, the agency of the S. E. Post and Casket—collecting many subscriptions, and defrauding the publisher. Some of the subscribers knowing the man, refused to pay him, and wrote to us to that effect.

Gardiner now calls us many vile names, and says we were jealous because he acted as agent for rival publications. It is known, generally, that many of our valued agents have been for years the agents of "rival publications," to which we have no objection, and have no right to object, presuming they do impartial justice to all.

The publisher of this paper has been too long and too generally known for honest punctuality in his business, and correct deportment, for the aspersions of such a man as Gardiner, to have any effect; "they pass by him as the idle wind."

If, however, Mr. Gardiner should ever happen to be in Philadelphia, with our knowledge, he will find an account requiring settlement on the spot, at which time it will be of value to him to have the best *vouchers* he can get for his *honest* transactions connected with the Casket.

We might add many authentic notices of this man, but we decline occupying our columns with so poor a subject.

Melancholy Accident.—On Sunday last, a melancholy accident occurred on the Germantown Rail-road, by which one of our valuable fellow citizens was killed. The locomotive engine with the cars attached, arrived at the depot and was stopped as usual; Matthias Raser, Printer, of the firm of Clark & Raser, immediately jumped off in the rear of one of the cars, when a backward motion of the heavy machine caught his overcoat, and he was thrown down across the rails. Horrible to relate, the car passed over his breast transversely, and he shortly expired in great agony. What adds poignancy to the loss is the fact that, he had but lately taken to his home six orphan children of a deceased brother, who were mainly dependant on him for support. The greatest care and caution should be used by passengers when travelling behind these powerful machines.

The union of two subscription lists of such extent as those of the Post and Bulletin, is necessarily attended with much trouble and some confusion. Individuals who subscribe to both papers, and who by any oversight now receive two copies of the united gazettes, are earnestly solicited to give immediate notice to the publisher. Those residing in the city can do so personally or by note—those at a distance will oblige us by requesting the post-master of their respective localities to perform that service.

Applications are now before the Legislature of New York, for the incorporation of Insurance and Banking Companies, with capitals to the amount of $23,865,000. Last winter the legislature incorporated companies whose aggregate capitals amounted to $36,000,000. Prior to this, the local banking capital of the state of all kinds amounted to about $18,000,000, and that of all other chartered companies in the state to nearly $50,000,000, making a total of $127,865,000. The co-operator of New York justly remarks:—

"Here is a grand total of chartered capital of nearly one hundred and twenty-eight millions of dollars in the individual state of New York!!—Who that has any regard for the future safety and purity of our young republic, can look over the above list of applications for chartered rights, and the startling amount of capital already wielded by privileged companies, and not inquiry with deep solicitude, TO WHAT ARE WE FINALLY COMING?"

Query?—How much of this enormous nominal capital would be represented by specie?

On Monday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., a horse ran furiously up Walnut street, with a new fashioned buggy behind him, and brought up against the watchbox at the corner of Fourth and Walnut, where the vehicle was entirely smashed to pieces. The driver escaped apparently uninjured.

A fine winter for the poor. Wood and coal continue at moderate prices. The latter has fallen considerably within two weeks.

The editor of the United States Gazette says:—"The Windmill at the south end of Boston set itself on fire, by its own friction, last week, and was burned entirely down. This is the second time that it has been guilty of the act."

We would ask Mr. Chandler how many times a house can be burnt down?

A shocking accident occurred at Mauch Chunk on Friday. In clearing the end of a coal bank preparatory to operations next spring, a large portion of the bank gave way unexpectedly, and killed four men on the spot, Wm. Stephenson, C. Sweeny, T. Gilmore and H. Courtney, besides dreadfully wounding two others.—This is the worst accident that has yet occurred at Mauch Chunk.

In the transfer of the Saturday Bulletin to the Evening Post, a contract for advertising lotteries existed between the Editor of the former paper, which, in common with some other uncompleted engagements with advertisers, we have been obliged to assume.—This will account for the appearance in our paper to-day, of the advertisement of Mr. Robinson. As our readers are aware that we have often expressed our disapprobation of lotteries in general, this explanation is deemed necessary to account for the appearance of Mr. Robinson's advertisement. We need only add that no other lottery broker's advertisements of the same description will be admitted into our columns.

Georgia Missionaries.—A letter from Georgia, to the editor of the Intelligencer, says:—"I have just returned from a visit to the Missionaries. They are pale and appear languid, but their health, they assured me, is good; and their conversation was, to a wonderful degree, cheerful. A clear conscience and a contented mind, can be as happy within the walls of the prison house as the walls of a palace."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Tour of a German Prince.—We found on our table, last Saturday, a large octavo volume of 370 pages, entitled a "Tour of a German Prince in England, Ireland and France, in the years 1828 and 1829, in a series of Letters, by a German Prince." It is from the press of Messrs. Carey & Lea; to whose elegant style of printing it does credit. Having previously read the English edition, in four volumes, we are prepared to speak of the work with confidence. It has been received in Great Britain, in much the same manner as Mrs. Trollope's book was in America, though this is *the only point of resemblance between the two productions*, the German prince being as superior in every respect, as Dr. Johnson's Rambler is to Mrs. Royal's Black Book! The letters are addressed to "My dear Julia;" and though they contain some mawkish sentimentality, which might as well have been omitted in the American edition, the information they contain, is a compensation in full for the trouble of skipping over it. This tour differs from most others with which we are familiar, in having for its topics, what is termed the very highest class of British society; it describes the King and his court, the Minister, the Dukes and Duchesses, and almost every prominent individual, including O'Connell, whom he visited at his own home, with the same familiarity as an American writing to his wife, would describe the family and domestic arrangements of his Liverpool correspondent, and consequently cannot but prove highly amusing. The interior of the great houses is completely thrown open to every observer, while the description of parks, &c., are so graphic that a painter might almost sketch from them while seated in his studio. We might add a vast deal more in recommending this unique production to our readers, but having said enough to rouse their curiosity, we will not spoil a fine literary treat by making any extracts to-day, and only add that the book is sold at so very moderate a price as to make an easy acquisition to every library.

Sarran's Memoirs of Lafayette.—By the kindness of a friend, we have before us a London copy of memoirs, entitled "Lafayette, Louis Phillipe, and the Revolution of 1830;" by B. Sarrans, Jr. It contains a biography of Lafayette from his birth to 1830, the greater part of which is familiar to all Americans. It is to the accurate account of the late French revolution, that the book owes its chief interest, being more minute and interesting than any other previously published. The account of Lafayette's resignation, as chief of the National Guards, places that transaction in a light extremely favorable to the reputation of our *Nation's Guest*, and indeed throughout the whole of the two volumes, Lafayette receives the praise due to his exalted merits. The reputation of this individual is particularly dear to Americans, and the author of these memoirs, who was aid-de-camp to Lafayette until the day of the General's resignation, had peculiar facilities for arriving at a knowledge of facts and motives; he has used these opportunities wisely, by effectually rescuing from the fangs of a party, the cloud which it was attempted to cast upon his name. In all the prominent discussions of the late important crisis, Lafayette has been faithful to the principles of half a century, contending inch by inch, and from position to position, against the encroachments of aristocracies, of whatever origin, upon the salutary doctrine of the sovereignty of the people; a doctrine upon which, in his eyes, necessarily depend the wishes, the interests, the wants, the civilization, and the greatness of nations; a doctrine in short, with which he has imbued every great question upon which he has entered, and of which he has left such deep traces in the minds of men, that no human frenzy has power to efface them.

Since the above was written, we are pleased to observe in a morning paper that these memoirs will appear next week in Waldie's Library. Probably that will be the only American edition.

Temple's Travels in Peru.—This is title of the work now in course of publication, in Waldie's Circulating Library, and which we learn is to be concluded in the next number. A more amusing conversational book of travels, we have never come across. Reading Mr. T.'s account of his journeyings, is like enjoying the society of a good story teller, full of anecdotes of men and things, whose good humor is never put out by anything, and who rises from little misfortunes only to make a good joke of them. Mr. Waldie's "Library," rises in public estimation with every new book he publishes, and we are pleased to learn that his patronage is already so extensive as to make it necessary to stereotype his numbers. It is announced that the back numbers being entirely exhausted, a new *number one* of the "Stereotype edition," will be commenced next week, from which new subscriptions will date, fifty-two numbers for five dollars, as heretofore, being the terms. New patrons, by this operation, in lieu of getting the works already some time published, will receive newer publications. The novelty of receiving *books by mail*, deservedly attracts attention and patronage.

Messrs. Carey & Lea have just published Vol. XII of Encyclopædia Americana, from STE to VIS.—This work is one of the most valuable in the country, handsomely printed, and cheap.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM HARRISBURG.

No. 5.

Two connected bridges, each about half a mile in length, join Harrisburg to a small village on the west side of the Susquehanna. An island, in the middle of the river, immediately opposite the town, affords ample protection and support for the abutments, which, with a number of well built piers, give this conveyance across the stream, a most substantial and permanent character. The bridge, in all weathers, affords an excellent promenade for the members of the Assembly, who, by a special provision in the charter, are allowed to pass over and back without cost.

The village opposite Harrisburg is small, but higher up there is a stag town, which contains a number of regular and handsome buildings. The shore of the river affords, in fair weather, a beautiful walk; and the prospect, both above and below, is pleasant and romantic. Strolling along this bank a few days since, I met with the following inscription on a sign, which I copied *verbatim et literatim*.

. ABRAHAM,	OYSTER, S
. LUMBER,	OFFICE, 1831.

I was obliged to study, for a long while, to ascertain whether the business of the advertiser was in the oyster or lumber way, and as evidences of one were as numerous as the evidences of the other, I left it as a moot point, to be decided when I have more leisure.

The borough of Harrisburg is guarded, during the night, by a corps of watchmen, who perambulate the streets, from ten o'clock, P. M., until day light, and cry the hour. They possess louder voices than any set of men, I ever saw or heard tell of. The watchmen in your city are dumb compared with them. Their articulation is not like that of a man who wishes to convey to his hearers a *plain* matter of fact, but rather resembles the noise made by one who, on account of some great calamity, or bloody massacre, wishes to alarm the slumbering inhabitants. Of all frightful noises, the cry of these watchmen is the most awful. I never yet have heard it in my sleep, that I did not instantly jump out of my bed, and run down in the street, as if my life, or that of some of my neighbors, was in jeopardy.

It is a curious regulation also, that this ordinance of the worthy burgomasters provide only during the time the legislature is in session. The balance of the year—such is the confidence which the inhabitants place in each other—the services of the watchmen are entirely dispensed with. Connected with this fact, an anecdote was related to me, which I will repeat, I hope without giving offence.

In the spring of the year, say from March to May or June, this town has a considerable accession to its ordinary population, by the daily arrival of *raftsmen* and others, who come down the river on arks of coal, rafts of lumber, &c., on their way to Port Deposit. They stay here sometimes a day or two, and as many of them are fond of a frolic, there is, not unfrequently, considerable noise and uproar created. In reference to this, a grave and reputable colored inhabitant of the town remarked, that it would be well "to continue the watch regulations until the raftsmen depart, as they were almost as *great an annoyance* to the place, as the members of Assembly."

With the society in Harrisburg, I am so far very well pleased. The inhabitants are sociable and kind, [illegible]

[illegible]

Epitome of the Times.

[illegible]

MARRIAGES.

[illegible]

DEATHS.

[illegible]

OBITUARY.

[illegible]

Important Invention.

[illegible]

Peach Trees.

[illegible]

Coal Grate, Fenders & Stove Manufactory.

[illegible]

FORTUNE'S BOWER,

[illegible]

Watches, Jewellery, & Silver Ware.

[illegible]

Pocket Book Manufactory.

[illegible]

Single Copies of this Paper

[illegible]

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

[illegible]

Watches, Jewellery, Lightning-Rod Points, &c.

[illegible]

Yard & Vater,

[illegible]

Cheap Coffin Warehouse,

[illegible]

E. & P. Snyder

[illegible]

Indian Specific

[illegible]

Notice.

[illegible]

Public Sale.

[illegible]

Premium for Gold and Silver.

[illegible]

Paper Warehouse.

[illegible]

Books and Fancy Goods

[illegible]

Fall Ribbons.

[illegible]

The Office of the Lehigh Coal

[illegible]

A CARD.

[illegible]

Baker's Intelligence Office,

[illegible]

Steam Boat Notice.

[illegible]

Wanted

[illegible]

THE OLIO.

Mantes thee, wrought, and betag with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity!
Sport that wrinkled care divides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

THE GOOSE,
Or, Nature and Philosophy.

Poor Peter Pindar lost his wit
The chaise and coachee of his life.
He mourned for her his useless case,
For ladies were worth having then.
The small bird warbles, that is true,
At things not on a parlour key;
Even birds a rare simile delight,
When new offensive to his sight.
In short to paint the soul of life
The doctor hoped to get a bill.
The parson hoped to get a fee,
And ladies hoped new gowns to see.
Take up his lodging in a wood;
To him a friend and genius good.
He had a child now, you must know;
A boon it seems mostly old or so.
Him Philip took up in his arms.
To amuse him from all female charms.
Amusing he should never know,
For nature's path they are below:
But lead an honest, happy life,
And then they'll be the joy of his wife."
The child was like his cousins,
Who since a lion's country sent.
For it is not common news,
The beauty's little carriage stood.
And by the river Indus runs.
The sun himself could scarce get through.
A lady pass'd her with tea,
Supplied them with their daily fare;
Fresh water came from their spring.
Turnips and greens, or some such thing.
Now Philip had a little nest was found,
And appetite can make it round.
These nests our little bairns greet:
His father could not be his wife.
Adapting, like a cheerful sage,
His discourse to his age.
At five years old he showed him flowers,
Taught him the pretty names and powers;
Then talked of trees, wrines, and beans.
Then talked of fruits, and how they grew,
Taught him to listen upon a bird,
And how to mark the sweet notes flowed.
At ten he lectures Master Jack
Better than learning sonnets and verse,
The nature and qualities of trees,
Measures and contents of the bees.
Then talked of the spectral quality of sparks;
But ere a word about the girls.
At fifteen years he seized his eyes,
To view the wonders of the skies.
Called all the planets by name,
As you would call an John to James;
Told where they were, and what they were,
And how a calculation went,
And now his eighteenth year was with,
And yet he has no copy of Kenrick.
Had sleep and appetite to enjoy;
He could not ask more of man;
And all because he did not know
There were such things as you know.
But now a compass mind around,
The learned world into view opened,
Long-lays, then, to poor Philip's eyes,
Were things of little use.
Poor Philip grieved, and his son too,
They prayed, they knew not what to do.
Who would not let him beg in vain,
But see the learned up again.
Philip sat to study, by young son,
That tell me what would you have done?
Why, what I should see a child
For what if he should see a child
In love, as sure as he had eyes,
Thus any country of older,
Leave him at home, the wisest the home!
Poor Philip had a father's fears,
In short he knew not what to do,
But thought it best to take him too.
And so with study proceeded,
The learned world around popular,
Honoured in all its round.
To keep his dignity at home,
That is, four pounds indeed a year,
Especially they eyes and spaces.
Then breaded and spoke of silver grey,
And then you see them on their way;
It was a town, by the way,
Where there was every thing to see;
And Philip had a father's fears,
At what men loved to look upon.
Had seen some sights of wonder,
But never, never, so much as this.
He stands, with open mouth and eyes,
Like one just fallen from the skies.
Forgetting at every thing he sees
What's what, or what it means.
Oh how what's there?
At last he sees a charming thing.
That men call angel when they sing.
Young ladies what they a bear or press,
Seem thing at every body knows:
Philip had seen a goose before,
But what's that what's that?
What's that what's that? O heaven!" he cries,
That Indian an animal with the goose!
O shall I catch it? is it tame?
Where is its father? what's its name?"
Now Philip knew not what to say,
But tried to put it away:
He assumed himself, and made a vow;
"Tis all a fiction, child, over you'll
Then Philips, have thy wits let loose;
Is that a goose, child? No!
A goose! O fearful, awful sight!
And will I stay to see it?
Come come away, or on run!
There's a good father, catch me one!
Well, all is truth by true experience
Indeed! indeed! I'll trust it well"

Genuine.—The Constellation says that a Pull has it the duty levied on dogs is a mere privilege of wearing a head. And as females are not assessed in a dog's head, and consider it as an insult to the sex, and resent it accordingly. Hide as much as to say they are without header.

A Take-Off.—A member of Congress, meeting a black boy for the second time, and considered the fellow to take off his boots, which the negro did so effectually, that the member never saw it them again.

Indigenous Appendages.—The master of a ship walking on deck, called into the hold, "Who is there?" no answering. "Why, you, what are you doing?" "Nothing, sir," "Is I am doing?" "Yes," said Tom, "What are you doing?" "Helping Will, sir."

While a late London preacher was enlarging upon the text, "here is nothing new under the Sun," "Yes," exclaimed one of his Cockney audience, in much amazement, "I say, sir! there's a new Lord Mayor every year."

A good shelf.—"There goes a turncoat," said a politician, one day last week, from inside a store in the village, to a farmer who was passing at the time on a loaded wagon. "What, would you have," replied the farmer, "a man's coat any thing but side out all day, because he happened to put it on so in the morning."—*Lowell Journal.*

Advantages of Card Playing.—What so truly tests the real dispositions and character of a person as his amusement? Are they inclined to dishonesty, it will exhibit itself; if a hasty controllable temper, it is almost sure to be seen; if not very scrupulous respecting falsehood or ill language, part of the process of amusement unmasked, while in almost all other transactions of life these passions are confined to the bosom, they evince, or glossed over so as to make them generally palatable to the world.—*Brighton Gazette.*

An Irishman named Lovingstone, a soldier of Wyatt's *Brigade*, was suddenly stopped by a party during the late Mexican war. "What are you doing here?" said the officer, who had just presented to his breast, and called to which side he belonged. The question was not difficult to be a British party rendered his situation extremely critical. He replied, I think I must be more in the way of civility just to drop a hint which side you are pleased to favour. To, Tommy, said the first speaker, declare your sentiments or die. Then by Jo—I will die for with a lie in my mouth: American to extremity, do your worst by Jo—— to you, you spalpeen. The officer replied, we can't have a Irishman to serve with a man so faithful to the cause of his country.

Byron's Opinion of Beauty.—I do not talk of mere beauty, the regularity of feature or complexion, but of expression, that harmony and of the soul through the eyes, which, in my opinion, constitutes the highest order of beauty. We have been pointed out to me as beautiful, who never could have interested my heart for a moment. Mere forms of countenance; and others, who were little remarked, have struck me as being captivating, from the force of countenance. A woman's face ought to be like an April day—sometimes all change and variety; but sunshine should often glance out of the expression of the clouds and show us that may obscure its lustre, which, poetical description apart, (said Byron,) in sober prose seems, that gentlemanly manners ought to be ready to chase away the expression of perseverance once at least in ten years or earlier if it calls forth. Women were meant to be the exciters of all that is finest in our natures, and the workers of all that is turbulent and harsh. Of what use, then, can a handsome automaton be, after one has got accustomed with a face that knows no change, though it causes many? This is a style of beauty I could not have the sight of for a week, nd yet such are the looks that pass in society, for pretty, handsome, and beautiful.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Lounging, unemployed people, may be called of the tribe of Jessica; for with them the sun stands still.

ANECDOTE OF INDIAN WARFARE.

The Hon. Mr. Ewing, in a recent speech on the Pension Bill, before the Senate of the U. States, related the anecdote annexed.

"There were two rangers who had gone out together, but had afterwards separated. One of them went in search of a lick, and after finding it, lay within twenty or thirty yards of it. He had not been long there, when four Indians came to the lick, each with his rifle in his hand. The situation of the ranger was one which required coolness, activity of decision and action. He had but a moment for reflection. He took deliberate aim at one of the Indians and fired—the other Indians instantly lowered their rifles at him, fired and missed him. He had calculated that he would be able to take advantage of the momentary alarm, and the result showed it. He sprang out of his covert, fired, and killed another Indian. One of the Indians, with that rapidity of decision which they are said to be accustomed, instantly caught up the rifle of the dead Indian, took a more steady aim, fired, and struck the powder horn under the arm of the ranger, blowing it to pieces. The ranger himself escaped—but the Indian was now possessed of his powder horn. He solicits not the recompense which seems to be so reluctantly given. That brave young man is now the Governor of Ohio."

The following playful *jeu*, from a northern paper operates finely in the present season, and is applicable to our own case, that we cannot resist the temptation to "fix it up" in our own way:

"Our subscribers who are in arrears will be good enough to feel in their pockets for a little change for their papers. We want to pay our money pap, no patronage of office to rely upon; we look to our subscribers for support, and not for the "needful." Our expenses are to be increased by the new postage law, and therefore present debts must be paid to the paper maker and the lands. Those who do not pay us soon as they can; but we have subscribers who let their accounts run two, three, four and five years behind hand, and when we call on them for the cost for money. Pay up the old scores then, and let us have a new start with cash, in hand, and in return we will tell you "the truth, and nothing but the truth," however unpalatable, as fast as we can find it out.

A candidate for the stage applied to the manager of the Louisville Theatre for engagement. After he had exhibited specimens of his various talents, the following dialogue took place between him and the "great original." So does Mrs. Inchbald." "You are here of one leg?" "Yes, sir." "Have you ever been married?" "No, sir." "So is Jack Johnson." "You have an ugly face?" "So has Lazarus, sometimes, I suppose." "So was Garrick." "You squint abominably?" "So has Cupid." "You are a monstrous mannerist!" "So is Kemble." "You are but a mediocre actor!" "So is Edmund Kean." "You have a perpetual whine!" "So has Pope." "In comedy you are a mere buffoon!" "So is Munden." "You have all these defects combined!" "So much the more valuable."

Finally Meditation.—One of the most effectual means of curing a cut, bruise, or burn, is said to be that which is nearest to hand in your cap. Apply the most surface to the wound; it will allay heat of inflammation, and heal any wound, without pain, more speedily than any plaster or salve in the universe.

Squeezing the Hand.—It is but lately that we have understood the strange constructions that are sometimes put upon a squeeze of the hand. Many persons it is said, are subjected to a declaration of love; this is very surprising indeed, but we hold that a simple shake of a lady's hand as we would take hold of a hot potato; afraid to get burnt, is what we should term our fingers. Very few truly! Now it was our ancient custom to squeeze every hand we got in our shakes, from a baby to a lady. It is not a wonder that we have never been sued for a breach of promise.

We would not give a scamper mill for your cold formal shake of the hand. Every person who protrudes one or two fingers for you to act, is fixed to be a proud, stiff, and cold hearted disposition, should go to school to John Quincy Adams, and he'll shakes your whole body with it, unless you happen to be as tall as himself. Well, there is nothing like it—show good heart at any rate, and we would rather a man would crush the bones of our fingers and shake the whole arm out of joint, than that he should poke out a reluctant paw, as if he were to come a cross with a bear or tyrant. Most ladies may rest assured of this, that a man who will not squeeze your hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have such a hand in his possession—and that he has a heart sworn hardened, and frozen tight round him, like a small gourd of a mustard seed.—*S. M. Visiter.*

The following historical anecdote is a curious example of the manner in which it is taken from the history of the contests between the Dukes of Brigundy and the Princes of the Middle Ages.

"A party of the Duke's troops, under John de Croy, retook the town of Grasmont; and, notwithstanding all the loyalty of the people, who themselves had applied to the Duke for succour, and had assisted in the Sac de Croy's attack, the whole town was given up to pillage and conflagration to the very churches; goods and merchandize were seized on all sides, and many of the several citizens were also taken to behold to ransom. Then, feeling they were revenged enough to hold the town, the Duke's forces set it on fire, and abandoned it. The next day Grasmont returned, irritated at the inhabitants having taken advantage of their general pleasure, and ordered the fellow to take off his boots, which the negro did so effectually, that the member never saw them again.

The Troy Sentinel tells the following good story:

"A short thirty yes or three, an English gentleman with whom we subsequently became acquainted, Mr. Benjamin Cricdland, of Leicester, detected and brought to justice a gang of London pickpockets, by unwittingly adopting one of their private signals. The transaction as he narrated it to us was as follows—

Mr. Cricdland was walking in the crowded Normal fair, held in a clover field adjoining Leicester, when he observed a person in the throng had a sprig of trefoil stuck in the button of his chest. In a few minutes, his attention was arrested by remarking another with a sprig of the splendid variety. His first and natural conclusion was, that the sprigs had been placed there by rambling among the luxuriant clover of the field, but on looking more closely discovered so many who bore the same sprig in the shoe, that he at once concluded it was a mark by which one man met the eye, which he determined if possible to discover. Accordingly, he retired a little, concealed a few sprigs in his pocket, and returned to the scene of action, and mingled again with the throng. In a short time he observed a stranger jogged his arm and in an under tone, said, "Do you cut or carry?" "Carry," said the gentleman, without knowing the meaning of either the question or the reply. Then came another and another, repeated his interrogatory. Crindland concluded, and in a few minutes afterwards missed one of the shirt of a gentleman's coat with the pocket, containing a well lined pocket-book, which he found to belong to a bank clerk, now swindled. Mr. Crindland separated from the throng, and went in search of the nearest police who were in attendance in a short time, with their aid, arrested a gang of ten expert pickpockets, who were identified by the sprigs in the hat and served as a signal of recognition and fellowship.

Censure implies superiority, praise proves it those who censure, wish to level others with themselves, those who praise, show they are above it.—*Boston Post.*

Fashion is a wife's master's, a maid's taste, made to suit Truth a Damascus blade, made to shave—and Cobb's Bunker Hill Pills.

Corn-Stalks have sunk more people than corn-spirits will ever raise again.

Season of Whiskers.—It is worthy of remark that when cold weather approaches, and other vegetables begin to fade, whiskers sprout up and flourish with the greatest luxuriance, which in summer appeared barren as the deserts of Arabia, are now loaded with the richest crops. Every thing in its proper season—one—Whiskers in winter, cucumbers in summer, cantaloupe in autumn, and whiskers in winter.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

All preach humility, none practice it. The master reduces the slave to the lowest degree and worships for the clergy; and the clergy for their congregations.

The difference between happiness and wisdom is, that the man who thinks himself most happy is the most happy, and the man who is wise is generally the very reverse.

Flattery is received with bitterness, if she give sustenance to thy son, but she will swallow a whole with the greatest avidity.

Death opens the door to fame, and closes it to envy; it breaks the chain of the captive, and places the dungeon of the slave in the hands of a new master.

There is nothing farther or nearer, more hidden or revealed, than God.

A poor person is much better the idea of glory, than of liberty.

Happiness is a plant, which only flourishes in the temperate zone of the passions.

Military government unites in itself all the vices of despotism and the defects of anarchy.

Directions for Screening Chimneys which have never required sweeping.—Instead of placing the mouth of Chimneys in the usual way, take money, make with one pocke of salt and a pint of water, a good strong brine, and let a man so with render it fit for work, and then lay on the brine with a brush, taking particular care for the soot to lodge on it, which will soon produce a crust, and give a good deal of danger of taking fire. The writer of this has tried the experiment, and after three years constant use of a chimney, which never before required sweeping, could obtain a quart of soot, though he several times made the attempt, and sweeps the flues himself. To persons living in the country, this will be found a valuable hint.

The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful catalogue of your criminals, and you will rarely find a hundred youths executed to one father of a family. Marriage renders man more virtuous and more happy. It is a tax upon bachelors willing to think before his children. He is afraid to make shameful exposures.

Cross-Examination.—A young lady who had been severely interrogated at court by an attorney, on the subject of dancing, at length retaliated, that she